

August 2019

The Oul' Bog Hole

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Oul' Bog Hole" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 551.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/551

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

THE OUL'

BOG HOLE!!

The pig is in the mire and the cow is in the grass,
And a man without a woman is no better than an ass;
My mother likes her ducks and the ducks like the drakes,
And sweet Judy Flannigan I'd die for your sake.
My Judy she's as fair as the flower on the lea,
She's neat and complete from the neck to the knee,
We met t'other night our hearts to condole,
And I sat Judy down by the Oul' Bog Hole.

Singing cushla mavourneen will you marry me,
Arrah cushla mavourneen will you marry me,
Arrah cushla mavourneen will you marry me,
Would you fancy the bouncing young Barney Magee.

Then Judy she blushed and hung down her head,
Saying Barney you blackguard I'd like to get wed,
But they say your so rough, and you are such a rake—
Don't believe it, says Barney, it's all a mistake;
To keep you genteel, I'll work at my trade,
I'll handle the shovel, the hook, and the spade,
The turf to procure—which is better than coal,
And I'll work to my knees in the Oul' Bog Hole.
Singing cushla mavourneen, &c.

Arrah give me your hand, and consent just at once,
Sure 'tis not every day that you get such a chance,
When the priest makes us one, how happy I'll be,
With the beautiful, dutiful Mistress Magee,
Tho' the meal should be scarce, we'll have praties enough,
And if you think long for more delicate stuff,—
I'll take out the old rod which my grandmother stole,
And I'll go fish for eels in the Oul' Bog Hole.
Singing cushla mavourneen, &c.

Fine children we'll have, for we must mind that
There will be Darby, and Barney, and Judy, and Pat,—
There will be Judy so meek, and Mary so bluff;—
O stop then she cried, have you not got enough?
I have not said he, sure I'll not be content
Till you bring home as many as there's days in Lent,
How the neighbours will stare when we go for a stroll,
When we all promenade round the Oul' Bog Hole.
Singing cushla mavourneen, &c.

By the hokey, says she, I can scarcely refuse,
For Barney, the blarney you know how to use;
You've bothered my heart with the picture you've drawn,
If I thought I could trust you, the thing might be done,—
Holy murder! says I, do you doubt what I say?
If I thought 'twould convince you, I'd swear half-a-day;
O no, she replied, 'tis of no use at all,
Then she whispered consent by the Oul' Bog Hole.
Then give me a kiss, my joy and delight,
Be aisy, you blackguard, until it's all right,—
Soon after we're wed we'll kiss and condole,
And fish for mud eels in the Oul' Bog Hole.